

## You, Again by MistressYin

**Series:** [Just A Word \[21\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Steve Harrington/Julie Capson

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**Summary:**

Steve runs into his co-worker at the store.

## You, Again

### Author's Note:

Sup

And the phrase of the day is...You, Again!

“Must you all insist on shopping with me?”

“Uh, yea, Steve, its thanksgiving shopping, it’s an important, family event!”

Steve sighed as he walked next to Jim, who was pushing a cart that had Max riding on the edge of it. Nancy and Jonathon were arm and arm, because holding hands like normal people was too cliché, Lucas and Dustin were currently battling each other in who could find the grocery items first, while Jane was very intently listening to Mike and Will’s explanation of the movie Star wars.

Joyce, never to be left out, was winning Dustin and Lucas’ scavenger hunt battle by a whole eight items, which made the younger boys completely outraged.

Steve ran a hand through his hair, startled when he heard a cry of, “Hey! Steve!”

Julie was waving exuberantly at him from across the aisle, her own grocery cart on her and a small little girl tucked into the top. A man and a woman were by her side, along with a boy probably around his age that he guessed was her brother.

“Julie.” He said in a more subdued tone, rolling his eyes when Dustin purred suggestively.

“How weird to see you here? Or is it? I mean, we do work together.” She huffed, flinging her arms around animatedly.

Steve shoved his hands in his pockets. “So, this must be your family?”

She beamed, glowing in a way that told him that had been the right

question.

“OH! Yes! This is my brother, Mercury, and my father and mother of course, the little one here is Nursery. Odd name, but it’s just so fitting really!” she grinned a toothy smile, green eyes wide with delight.

He held his hand out for a shake of the father hand. “Steve Harrington. Your daughter’s quite the teacher.”

Unspecified named father chuckled and grasped his hand firmly, eyeing him up and staring at his daughter in a protective manner.

He moved to the mother, who seemed startled for by the hand, but none the less grasped at it, if albeit, a bit meekly.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t catch your names?”

The mother put a hand to her throat as he moved to Mercury.

“My names Lady!” she said with a giggle.

The brother’s shake was for more pointed and intimidating than the fathers. He did his best not to shrink back, reminding himself that he was very safe and every one of his friends was right there with him.

He was glad for the back-up, if a little embarrassed.

“And you sir?” he felt a firm hand clap on his shoulder, clearly belonging to Jim which made him freeze up but lean into it after recognizing the familiarity of the gesture. The question Jim had asked was sent to the father, who still had not given away his name.

“Chief Hopper?” The father recognized, his confusion understandable seeing as his last name had clearly been Harrington.

“That’s me. Jim Hopper.”

He didn’t bother with the shake, just a tight nod.

“Sullivan Capson. It’s an honor, chief, I’ve heard the tales about all you’ve done for this town.”

“Thank you for your words, Mr. Capson. I always try my hardest to make this town safer.” Jim responded gruffly.

Julie giggled. “Steve! You haven’t introduced the rest of your family yet!” She chastised, hands on her hips pointedly.

Joyce stepped up with a grin, as did Jonathon and Nancy.

“Joyce Byers, these are my sons, Will and Jonathon.”

Nancy held her hand out. “Nancy Wheeler, my brother Mike is with Will over there.” She jutted her head to where Will and Mike had moved away from the conversation apprehensively, frowns tugging on their faces.

Julie huffed. “Which one’s your family, Steve?”

Before he could answer, Max and Lucas’ heads popped up. “All of us, duh!” Max rolled her eyes. Steve, momentarily forgetting his audience spun on her.

“Maxine Hargrove! Don’t speak in that manner to, well, preferably anyone. But, knowing that’s asking too much of you, I would request you at least keep the rudeness to a minimum when talking to strangers.” He looked at her pointedly, not even realizing that he had started to wag his finger.

He heard an unfamiliar snort and saw Mercury giving him and his sister appraising looks.

Lucas stepped forward, “If you didn’t catch our names, I’m Lucas, this is Max.”

He couldn’t help but notice that both groups were extremely different. Julie was even wearing a satin tie around her neck and glossy lipstick, while the best thing they had going for them was the fact one of their members had the dignity to find matching socks.

He looked at the odd family, and got an weird feeling, like he was trying to remember something.

Jim pulled Jane up. “This is my other kid, Jane. Say hi, punk.”

“Hi.”

Steve snorted and bent over slightly, having expected her to take the command for face value. If she didn't understand 'punk' was referring to herself, she might've said that, too.

Julie ran a hand over her face. “Okay, so I'm confused. All these different names and what not, whose your family, Steve?” Her voice was thick in the accent as she said this, brow furrowing.

Steve went for it. “My guardian's Jim, my parents are unavailable. I understand your confusion, it fine.”

Her eyes shot up. “Oh, well I am so sorry—“

“But I thought you were a Harrington? I've done business with them before, did something happen?” the father cut in, looking at him in concern.

The mother gasped softly. “Oh why those two were such a lovely pair, never mentioned a son though. I guess I just assumed that when you said Harrington we were thinkin' of the same folks! Are they a close relative of yours?”

Steve took a deep breath, aware of his friends' eyes on his. “Jamie and Melissa Harrington?” He questioned, praying for a no.

They nodded.

“Those are mine. An personal incident occurred. Until further notice, I'll be staying with Jim from now on.” Steve didn't even realize he'd slipped into his 'obedient son' mode, where all was well. He was very familiar with idle chatter, almost to the point the back forth bored him.

There were sympathetic hums, but he noticed that the brothers eyes had sharpened in understanding, staring intently at him. He avoided the gaze.

“So, are you thanksgiving shopping?” Lady asked, carrying out the conversation. Boring as it may have been, Steve found comfort in the familiar grounds. He liked them, mainly because most people 'like

them' he knew would've already been pointedly ignoring Lucas or looking down on them.

He liked that difference, the openness.

"Yes mam! None of us here are particularly experienced cooks but we manage."

The father pulled an arm around his wife's shoulder. "Well, you don't know good food until you've tasted my wives casserole! No one makes it better!"

Julie laughed, jumping back into the conversation. "Well it was great to see you around Steve, but we're on a hunt for good types of food to donate to the homeless shelter. Back home we didn't have one of these, and we just feel so terrible not contributin' now that we see it for ourselves." She tilted her head with a smile.

"It was great to see you too! Homeless shelter? Do you volunteer?"

She shook her head. "No, but wanna."

"Maybe I can help? I know someone who does, I wouldn't mind helping out in my minimal free time as well."

She laughed.

"Well bye Steve! We'll have to make plans next time we see each other!"

"Bye Julie, I guess we will!"

He smiled and exchanged more goodbyes and nice-meeting-you's until they were out of sight. He turned around to a terrifying sight.

Jonathon and Nancy both mirrored Joyce's expression perfectly, eyebrows raised an answers demanded. Mike had a shit-eating grin on his face. Lucas and Max looked ready for a fight, knuckles cracking. Will and Dustin were laughing under their breath.

It was Jane who asked the question, "So, who's the girl?"

If possible, Joyce, Jonathon and Nancy's eyebrows shot HIGHER.

**Author's Note:**

Thanks again from MistressYin!